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The Red Mask

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No. CLVIII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

THE RED MASK;

OR,

THE WOLF OF BOHEMIA.

A MELO-DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

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FRENCH'S
STANDARD DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. CLVIII.

THE RED MASK:

OR,

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A MELO-DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY

JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
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Cast of the Characters,—(The Red Mask.)

Kaspar,	Mr. McDonough.
Count Maximilian,	
Brandoff, (an Innkeeper)	
Ernest de Lorme,	Mr. Conrad Clarke.
Baron Blonderr,	Mr. Bellamy.
Herman,	Mr. Morton.
Marok,	Mr. Brougham.
Wiezler,	Mr. Randall.
Stephano,	Mr. Duncan.
Ganymede, (Page to Isabel)	Miss Fanny Denham.
Karlo,	Mr. Denham.
Blokk,	Mr. Carpenter.
Isabel,	Madame Ponisi.
Myra,	Miss Kate Reignolds.

Soldiers, Peasants, &c., &c.

COSTUME.

KASPAR.—*First Dress:* Hungarian peasant, cloak and red mask; *Second Dress:* Splendid Hungarian uniform; *Third Dress:* Peasant's dress.

ERNEST DE LORME.—Blue military frock, gray tights, Hessian boots, fur cap, and cloak.

BARON.—Evening dress, handsome.

HERMAN.— } *First Dress:* Peasants; *Second Dress:* Hungarian
MAROK. — } Uniform.

WIEZLER.—Hungarian peasant's dress.

GANYMEDE.—Green tunic, tights, Polish boots.

KARLO.—Peasant's dress.

STEPHANO.—Postillion's dress.

ISABEL.—Rich silk dress, present fashion

MYRA.—Ditto ditto ditto.

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STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

A.M. 20 aug. 2

THE RED MASK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A picturesque Scene—Cascade and Bridge—Roadside Inn, with Vine Trellis, &c. Bohemian peasants discovered—some crossing bridge, others carousing, &c. Time—Evening.*

CHORUS.

Loud, loud, let your voices swell,
Raise high the cheerful strain,
While from each hill and dell,
Echo repeats it again.
Ai—a—ai—a.—(*Tyrolese.*)

Our song shall be,
In praise of the tree,
Whose mighty power divine,
Doth joy impart
To the care-tried heart.
The vine, boys, the vine,
The mother of rosy wine,
Loud, loud, let your voices swell.
Loud, loud, &c. (*Ad libitum.*)

Enter KARLO *from Inn.*

Karlo. Bravo, lads, bravo! here's that will float the melody up from your jolly hearts, till it bubbles out of your lips in your own despite.

Marok. We'll put thy boasting to the test, friend Karlo, and quickly too, I'll warrant me. Here's to thy health, boy, and pray Heaven send thee brains and a beard, ere long.

Karlo. I know not if those two blessings always come together, master Marok. [*Peasants laugh.*

Marok. Ha! thou miserable starved owlet, wouldst thou try thy fledgling wit on me?

Karlo. The Saints protect us, no! What wit? How have I offended?

Marok. Dost thou not see my beard?

Karlo. Most audibly, good sir.

Marok. And have I not brains as well?

Karlo. I cannot see them, sir; they are not visible to me.

[*Peasants laugh.*

Marok. Again, thou wretched malt worm! If thou hast any brain at all, I'll show it to the sky.

[*Rushes at him, is restrained by the others.*

Her. Hold! let the lad alone, he meant no harm. That hot blood of thine is ever ready to boil over.

Karlo. Truly, enough to scald the thickest skin.

[MAROK *rushes at him,* KARLO *runs into house.*

Her. What folly this is, Marok. Know you not that our great security lies in the simple innocency of that boy. The master would be much angered wert thou to harm him.

Marok. It may be so; but, to me, this simplicity is downright cunning, and his innocency like arrant impudence.

Her. Caution! Let's mix amongst those countrymen, and see if we can pick up any news that can be turned to account.

[*Old* BLOKK *looks out from his barber's shop.*

Wiez. I tell you it is true, sirs. The Red Mask has been seen again in our neighborhood.

Blokk. Mercy on us! What's that you say, neighbor? The Red Mask!

[*Man inside—impatient a bit, here and there, as scene progresses.*

Come, I say, finish me off, won't you?

Blokk. Pardon, good masters; but, when there's a story afoot, my vocation obliges me to be a listener.

Wiez. And that is a sure sign that some deed of blood's at hand.

Her. Say you so, comrade? Ugh! the marrow freezes in my bones at the thought.

Marok. For my part, I don't believe there's any such thing. It's only a bugbear to fright old women and children.

Blokk. Nay, but there is. I've seen it myself. [*Man pulls him back.*

Wiez. [*To* MAROK.] And who may you be, who would gainsay the word of a whole community?

Marok. One who fears not to look upon such apparitions, or to stand by his own word, once uttered.

Her. Let's have no dispute. Our honest friend knows what he says, be sure.

Wiez. Aye, that I do, and to my bitter sorrow, for I have felt the fangs of this Bohemian wolf ere now. and know him well. For a full hour, neighbors, was I in combat with him, slash and thrust, and would have slain him in yonder forest, but that a score of his black band appeared, and——

[KASPAR, *on bridge, in black mantle and red mask, fires rifle in the air.*

Ha! ha! ha!

[BLOKK *rushes out of shop, and man, with lather on his face, after him. All rush off, exclaiming,* "The Red Mask," *except* HERMAN, MAROK, *and* WIEZLER, *who falls on his knees, and cries* "mercy! mercy!"

Her. Get up, man. What art thou scared at?

Wiez. The Red Mask! Oh, don't hurt me! I confess that I lied, most noble. I have a child and ten small wives—no, I don't mean that—ten wives and a small child—no, no, not that—I—I don't know what I mean!

Enter KASPAR, *as Inn-keeper.*

Kaspar. Why, how is this, friend Wiezler? hast thou lost thy wits?

Wiez. Oh, Magnus! good Magnus! thou art a friendly genius! Where is he?—the great, the magnificent. [*Looking round.*] Gone! I mean the ruffianly malefactor.

Kas. Of whom do you speak?

Wiez. Hush! not so loud; he may be lurking close at hand. No, he's gone: he, who would not wait to be chastised. He, who has felt before, the power of this strong arm! [*Mock bravado.*] Confound it! had I not slipped down at the instant, I would have captured him myself, and gained the twenty thousand florins which are offered for his head.

Kas. By St. Dennis, what a valuable head the fellow wears. Why, friend Wiezler, were his eyes diamonds, lips rubies, and teeth pearls, as they say of courtly beauties, 'twould hardly be so merchantable. Twenty thousand florins! Egad! with reverence be it spoken, I doubt if our good Kaizer carries on his royal shoulders anything so costly, save on state occasions. I should well like to have that caput in safe keeping.

Wiez. That can'st thou not, Master Magnus; stick to thy pottles and leave such things to daring souls. That head belongs to me. I know where to lay hands upon its sanguinary owner; indeed, the twenty thousand florins is disposed of within my mind already.

Kas. Thou art as lucky as thou art valiant. In—in, and cool thy burning bravery with a draught. Karlo will attend to thee.

Wiez. Should he come, you'll call me, won't you?

Kas. Assuredly. Go—— [*Exit* WIEZLER.

Marok. His tongue shall wag no longer. [*Going.*

Kas. Pshaw! put up your knife, the fool is harmless! Listen, I have news for you; I expect every instant the arrival of a wealthy and romantic young fool, whom one of my scouts informs me is making a tour of Lithuania, but whether in quest of adventure, or for some fixed purpose, doesn't appear. The important part of my information is, that his trunks are well lined. He is a nobleman, as you know *I* am occasionally, and I flatter myself, do considerable credit to my order, but travels under the assumed name of colonel. You know your respective positions—now to give Karlo his instructions. Ho! boy Karlo!

Enter KARLO, *from Inn.*

Karlo, my lad, I must resign the Golden Eagle to friend Herman, for the present. Obey him, as usual, until my return, which will be shortly; but mark me, Herman, I'll have no sojourners in my house—rantipole roysterers—who destroy, in a night, more than they can make good in a year. If any such arrive, let them be saddled upon our neighbor, at the chateau, he's renowned for his hospitality, isn't he, Karlo?

Karlo. Truly, yes, master; so hospitable, I have heard people say, that many of his guests never leave at all.

Marok. What?

Kas. Mere idle gossip, I'll be sworn; and yet, good Karlo, I wouldn't repeat such tales, there might, you know, be danger in it.

Karlo. From whom, master?

Kas. From the Red Mask!

Karlo. Holy St. Dominick! If I thought he had ought to do with—with—oh, Lord! the very name has brought a sudden frost! how cold it is. [*Trembling.*

Kas. It's best to be on the safe side, Karlo, not that I fear the pestilent scoundrel.

Karlo. Don't talk so, master. For my own part, wax couldn't seal my lips closer than prudence shall, henceforth.

Kas. Thou'rt in the right. Adieu, lads. Herman, be careful; admit none but steady, quiet folks, reputation is everything—no pushing days into nights—no revellers. [*A horn heard.*] Ha! an arrival; I shall not wait to welcome them; you know my wishes—farewell.

[*Ascends bridge, as* ERNEST *comes on.*

Ern. Hallo, friend! you carry but a scant supply of courtesy. What rough boor is that?

Her. May it please your Excellency, a worthy man, an inn-keeper, called suddenly away, whose place is filled by my unworthy self.

Ern. And this, the den, I suppose, of that same bear? Hallo, friend! bring me my valise, I shall have to pass the night, I fear, within this cursed hovel; there's nothing better in this wild neighborhood, I suppose?

Her. No other hotel, Excellency.

Ern. Hotel! ha, ha! You're facetious, my friend. Shade of Apicius, what a smell of garlic!

Her. We are but humble peasants here, Excellency, and humble fare suffices us. Will it please you to enter?

Ern. Thank you, my polite host, I will, perforce of circumstance, although the flavor of thy condiments is not over enticing. Tell that fellow to carry my valise within, not that there's much to tempt an itching finger. Ha! you're there, sir, at last.

Enter STEPHANO, *who recognizes the others—the attention of* ERNEST *is away from him.—Music.*

Ste Here is your valise, Excellency. Mercy on us, what a dog-kennel!

Her. What's that you say, fellow? Too good for such a dog as thou!

Ste. Whew! what a precious storm a little quiet breath has raised! and those grinning friends of thine were not about, I'd give thee dog's reward, thou poison vender!

Her. Now, by St. Zabriski.

Marok. Let the fool be, good master. The snarling cur is ever safe 'mongst nobler animals!

Ste. I cry you mercy, most magnificent, and—pray what noble beast art thou?

Ern. I've had enough of this, bring your brawling to an end,—and you get ready to proceed. I would rather pass the night in the thickest portion of the forest, than in this unsavory abode.

Ste. Indeed, in good truth, so would I, your Excellency,—but the thing is impossible! We cannot hence without horses, mine are past urging for some twelve hours to come, at least, and I'll wager me one couldn't find a good-sized donkey, present company excepted, in the whole villanous neighborhood!

Ern. Well, I must submit to tyrannical destiny, with as good grace as I can. If you have an endurable chamber in your mansion, pray show me to it.

Her. Certainly, Excellency! You will be hard to please indeed, if you mislike our traveller's apartment. Show his Excellency to the pink chamber, Karlo.

Ste. Meantime, your Excellency, I'll purify the surrounding atmosphere with the Arabian odor of my pipe. This bench will be within ear-shot if your Excellency wants my attendance.

Ern. No matter,—I shall be my own valet for the nonce! Now, boy!

[*Exit* KARLO *and* ERNEST *into house.* STEPHANO *watches for a short time, then speaks.—Music.*

Ste. Know you who the youngster is?

Her. No,—who is he?

Ste. A rich prize, be sure, or the master would not be so anxious to see him at the Chateau to-night.

Marok. We'll drag him there!

Her. Hold thy rash tongue! An ounce of persuasion is worth a pound of menace. He's here!—I'll manage it!

Re-enter ERNEST *and* KARLO.

Ern. Whew! I shall suffocate within this filthy kennel! If I must stay, I'll make my bed out in the open air.

Her. I regret, Excellency, that our poor Inn is unworthy of thy sojourn. It is, I confess me, but a miserable place,—but it is not every one can keep a Chateau like our rich and hospitable neighbor, the young Count Maximilian.

Ern. Count Maximilian! Where does he reside?

Her. Your Excellency can see the smoke from his friendly chimneys through yonder copse.

Ern. Young, rich, and hospitable! Egad, I have a great mind to solicit a night's lodging from this same Count.

Her It would not be grudgingly given, Excellency, of that be sure. Eh, friends,—say I not rightly?

Marok. We'll warrant thee, master.

All. That we will!

Ern. Stay! mayhap I can glean some knowledge here, of her I seek. Hark ye, friends, do you know any thing of the whereabouts of a certain Colonel Hartzburg? I never met the vagabond myself, but that's what he called himself in Paris some few years back.

Her. [*Exchanges glances with the rest.*] No, Excellency, I'll answer for it, there's no such person within our knowledge, and that extends a good many miles round.

Ern. Well, I must perforce try the hospitality of his Countship yonder. Do you know the place, friend? [*To* STEPHANO.]

Ste. No, Excellency, but I have no lack of eyes and ears.

Ern. Here's that will compensate for the loss of my custom, mine host! [*Gives money.*] Now, friend, to test the lauded hospitality of your neighbor.

Her. Thanks, noble Excellency! A cheer, friends, for his Excellency's generosity. [*All cheer.*

Ste. Oh! what loud throated dogs!

Ern. Thanks friends,—but if one of you would point out the road to this Count's dwelling, it would be a more useful demonstration.

All. I will!

Ern. One will be enough.

Marok. This way, then, Excellency, I know every blade of grass upon the road.

Ern. Allons, then. Haply I may learn some tidings of my poor sister. My information says that the unprincipled scoundrel who lured her from her home, dwells somewhere in the neighborhood. Come, my friend. [*Business, and exeunt.*

Her. [*When* ERNEST *is off.*] Hartzburg is one of Kaspar's elegant aliases. Depend upon it. there's some sort of score to be paid off. Well, our young friend will have a chance to settle his worldly affairs sooner than he imagined. Kaspar must know of this.

SCENE II.—*A Copse—Available Tree, to hide behind.*

Enter GANYMEDE, *running.*

Gany. Phew! Dear me, I'm quite out of breath, running up this hill. It's getting dark, too, I ought to run on still, but I'm so tired, I must wait a little while to get my breath. How dreadfully lonely it is here, in this short cut, I wish I hadn't come this way now. If it warn't for what grandfather said just now, I do believe almost I should call myself a little frightened. Ugh! what's that? Only the leaves shaking.—Courage! what is there to be afraid of? This is my way. [*A whistle heard.*] Gracious! who can that be? [*A whistle from opposite side.*] Oh! it's all over with me—I'll never arrive at man's estate. What do I see? [*Music.—Cries out in terror.*] The Red Mask! [*Pause.*] He hasn't seen me—there's just a chance that he may pass by.

[*Gets behind tree.*

Enter KASPAR, *in cloak and mask, meeting* HERMAN.

Kas. Have you sent him to the chateau?

Gany. [*Aside.*] Ha! I know that voice.

Her. Marok is conducting him there now.

Kas. We are safe here, I can remove my mask. Your whistle arrested me, just as I was on the point of entering. Has anything wrong occurred?

Gany. [*Aside.*] Heavens! The Count! [*Alarmed.*

Her. That's as it may turn out. Who is this young traveller?

Kas. I know not, care not. It is sufficient for us to learn that he is charged with a rich mission, to pay the dividends upon the Polish loan.

Her. He has another object.

Kas. And what may that be?

Her. To discover a runaway sister.

Kas. What say you?

Her. Likewise to find out a certain Colonel Hartzburgh. [*Music.*—KASPAR *starts.*] Do you know him?

Kas. Can fortune be so prodigal at once? Tell me—is it Ernest de Lorme?

Her. It is.

Kas. Ha! by all the Saints of Hospitality, we'll make him royally welcome! Your hand, Herman! You've earned a heavy purse by this intelligence. My lady wife must lie perdu for a little while. Oh! I shall have a notable revenge! 'Twas such as he, who, by exaggerating my juvenile indiscretions, banded society against me, till, in my own defence, I had to combat it. The fool!—the miserable blind fool! my plans now must be quickly formed. Away to our rendezvous! I must have a brilliant party in my saloon to-night, remember.

Her. Thou shalt have princes, ad libitum, most noble Count, be sure. Ha! ha!

Kas. 'Tis fitting that our new guest should be received with honor. Upon the road I shall mature my plans. [*Exeunt.*

Gany. [*Watches them off.*] I'm almost dead with fear and wonder.—Oh, terrible, terrible discovery! My master, then, is the detested and remorseless Red —— Ugh! my blood freezes at the thought. And my dear young mistress, so kind, so gentle, and so good, to be in ignorance, as I know she is, of this awful fact. Heaven pity her, and direct me! I no longer feel like a boy. These few frightful moments have added years to my life, and to my resolution. She must be told it; and yet, in that knowledge will be quenched the light of her happiness for ever! He will kill me—I know he will; but it is my duty; and, with Heaven's help, it shall be done. Come, courage, heart! trembling cowardice is only for the guilty. Poor, poor lady!—it will destroy her utterly!—Would that the secret were to be revealed by any lips than mine!

[*Exit*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A brilliant Saloon in the Chateau*—ISABEL *and* MYRA *discovered.*

Myra. I cannot see, dearest Isabel, what cause you have for the slightest shade of sorrow to cross your path, surrounded by everything desirable in life, with a husband who loves you devotedly, and whom you

love with equal ardor, and a position which it is as much as my small share of philosophy can restrain me from envying, yet you are a little unhappy, my friendly eyes can easily discover.

Isabel. Indeed, I blame myself, daily, hourly, Myra, for indulging in forebodings, which no reality of circumstance can justify. My husband is all I could wish—tender, affectionate, and studiously observant of my every inclination, and yet——

Myra. Oh, that gloomy monosyllable.

Isabel. I will be frank with you, dear Myra, for you are the only one of my own sex who has inspired me with sufficient friendship to make a confidant.—You know that my marriage was contrary to the will of my relatives, who, for several years, have been ignorant even of my existence. For a long time I have yearned to solicit and obtain their forgiveness, and although I have implored Maximilian either to open a correspondence with them himself, or allow me to do so, he has invariably refused, and with a sternness and rancor, terribly at variance with his general conduct towards me. It is for this cause only that I am dispirited, and at some periods most unhappy.

Myra. Depend upon it, your husband has sufficient reason for denying your request. Haply, he wishes to obtain your desire in his own way—it cannot be otherwise. You have no other cause?

Isabel. No, not actually: to be sure, this lonely and isolated chateau is full of melancholy images when he is absent—so much am I haunted by apprehension for him, that I have, frequently, in the dead of night, fancied I heard dreadful sounds, like groans of suppressed agony, but such must have been imagination only.

Myra. Of course they were Come, dismiss them, and all else gloomy, from your mind. Recollect you have a fete this evening to celebrate the Count's return.

Isabel. Ah! that's a sun-ray that chases every cloud away.

Myra. Could I but behold my dear Eugene, I, too, would be most happy.

Enter GANYMEDE, *pale.*

What's the matter, boy? have you seen an apparition? Why this pale face and look of terror?

Gany. My dear lady, bear with me, and forgive me, I have something to communicate to you alone. [*Agitated, to* ISABEL.

Myra. The young scamp's in love, and trembles at his impudence. Be merciful to him, Isabel, or, as he's over young for such rank folly, dismiss him with a sober lecture. [*Exit* MYRA.

Gany. On my knees, dear mistress, let me implore your pardon, for that which my heart compels me now to do.

Isabel. What, sir? do you dare! Is this the return for all my kindness?

Gany. Oh! had it been reserved for any lips but mine to blast the happiness of your life with a breath; but it is my duty and my love that urge me, even though you curse the tongue that utters it.

Isabel. What mean you, sir? you freeze my blood. Speak! What have you to say? My heart, what fearful expectation's this? Speak, quickly, while I have sense to hear you!

Gany. Oh, be firm, dear mistress, and prepare yourself, while I tell you what I have seen and heard. It was late when I left the village, and as I was passing through [KASPAR *enters at back.*] the forest, I heard voices, and hiding behind a tree, two men approached—one of them was ——

Isabel. Whom?

Gany. The Red Mask!

Isabel. So near the chateau?—that terrible monster, whose deeds of cruelty and guilt have made him the country's pest and dread!

Gany. Secure in his supposed privacy, he took off his mask, and——

Kas. [*Speaking off.*] Come in, Baron, you are heartily welcome.

Enter BARON, MAROK, HERMAN, &c.

Ah, my dear Isabel! let mine be from your ever longed-for lips. Excuse me, gentlemen, I have been absent for a space, and each return brings back a lover with the husband.

Baron. Truly an elegant and courtly compliment. I must say that to my spouse when I get back.

Kas. Ha! what do I see? this young viper here. Ho, there! [*To* SERVANTS.] Seize him! his career of infamy, begun so early, will soon have an end.

Gany. What does this mean? of what am I accused, my lord?

Kas. Of what? Dare you ask that question? Whom, think you, Isabel, we have harbored in such mistaken kindness for so long a time? Who, but the chosen messenger, emissary, and pilot, of that sanguinary wretch, whose existence is a stain upon our neighborhood—the accursed Kaspar of the Red Mask!

Gany. Merciful heaven! do *you* say that,—*you* whom I saw ——

Kas. Silence, ingrate! Fortunately, I have the proofs at hand! Marquis, (*to* MAROK,) do you not recognize that young serpent?

Marok. (*as Marquis.*) Most assuredly. That was he, who, disguised as a postboy, lured me into a secret part of the adjacent forest, and he, with his villain brotherhood, robbed me of some thousands of crowns. The Viscount, here, was my fellow voyager, and can substantiate my word.

Her. (*as Viscount.*) Most truly,—there can be no doubt. I could swear to the young vagabond anywhere.

Kas. The country must be purged of this viperous brood! Baron, as Military Commandant of the village, I hand him over to you.

Baron. Martial law is prompt and decisive in such cases. He shall be shot to-morrow.

Gany. Oh, my dear young lady! You are betrayed!

Kas. Silence him!

Gany. You are warned, my lady,—and I die with pleasure! In your husband, behold —— [*Music.*

Kas. Away with him. [GANYMEDE *is forced off.*

Isabel. Have mercy on his youth! It cannot be that he is so guilty. May there not be some mistake? At least, delay until it is proved.

Kas. [*Aside to Baron.*] You'll see it done?

Baron. [*Aside.*] Most distinctly!

Kas. Ha! ha! Fear not, dear Isabel, he shall be only frightened; but there's not a doubt about his identity! Gentlemen, will it please you to amuse yourselves in the billiard-room, or, conservatory—the house is yours, remember, while you remain. I claim a few moments—you know,—a husband's privilege.

Baron Distinctly! Perfectly right! Come, gentlemen!

[*Exeunt.*

Kas. You look dull, and dispirited, beloved Isabel! It is not thus that you should meet me on my return,—hurrying homeward, as I did, with greedy heart, and inwardly anathematizing those necessities of life which kept me absent from your side!

Isabel. I grieve, Maximilian, to find my generous confidence abused,—to discover perfidy and dissimulation where I vainly hoped that I had implanted respect and love.

Kas. Oh! you allude to the boy!

Isabel. Yes. It is my belief that he was about to make confession when you interrupted him by your entrance.

Kas. At a most fortunate moment. [*Aside.*] No doubt, my love, no doubt,—but let us dismiss him from our thought. A wholesome lecture, and, at most, a few stripes, may work his reclamation. I want to tell you something of consequence, Isabel,—don't look agitated, love, it isn't a matter of life and death,—it is simply this: you know, Isabel, with what a sincere, a jealous devotion I regard you! Were you to receive a slight, or be approached in the language of offence, common to the frivolous city dwellers, but, happily unknown within the virtuous country, I would not answer for my conduct! It would irritate me into madness!

Isabel. To what does all this tend?

Kas. I'll tell you, love. [*Enter* MYRA.] Ah! here comes our pretty, piquant neighbour! Accept my homage!

Myra. Am I *de trop*?—'tis easily remedied. [*Going.*]

Kas. Not so! You may hear,—I would rather you did, what I have to say. Amongst our guests, this evening, I expect a certain courtly *roué*, a most accomplished libertine. Circumstances oblige me to receive him, but only for this night; yet I would not have one single glance of his licentious eye to rest upon my pure-minded wife,—therefore, my love, I would ask you to keep to your own apartment for this evening,—to-morrow he will be gone, and ——

Isabel. Most willingly, dear husband! Indeed, it will be a great relief to me,—for I am but ill prepared to play the interesting hostess.

Kas. Dear,—kind Isabel!—I'll come to you, whenever I can break away from our guests. [*Exit* ISABEL—*To* MYRA.] Apropos!—we must guard you from the rake's infection, as well! Ha! ha! a singular idea, but 'twill be most effectual! Suppose I introduce you as my wife,—just for a merry jest, as well as shield, against this city popinjay!

Myra. I cry you mercy, sir! You think that I can bear the battery of insolent glances without a blush?

Kas. You have a spirit, which my wife has not. Think what a laugh we shall have! Hark!—They're coming! Shall it be so?

Myra. I am content! I like a hearty laugh!

[*Enter all the Gents., talking confusedly.*]

Marok. Is that your idea?

Baron. Distinctly! Most decidedly!

Marok. I'll maintain my opinion against any man, or score of men.

Kas. [*Significantly.*] Marquis! Who could have ruffled your amiable temper?

[*Enter* SERVANT.]

Servant. My Lord Count, a stranger, belated, begs the hospitality of a night's sojourn.

Kas. Was it needed, sir, to send a courier on such an errand? Show the stranger here at once! [*Exit* SERVANT.

Her. A stranger, at this time? Singular! Don't you think so, Baron?

Baron. Distinctly! Most distinctly!

Kas. The accommodations of our wretched village Inn, are so detestable, we frequently give shelter to fastidious travellers. This is he I warned you of!

[*Enter De* LORME.]

Ern. Pardon, gentlemen, for this abrupt intrusion. My name is Earnest De Lorme. I am an officer in the French service, detailed on an affair of financial importance; and as I have a considerable amount of money in my custody, I preferred soliciting your hospitality, to the risk of remaining at a most unpromising cabaret in the adjacent village.

Kas. Sir, you are heartily welcome! I have the honor to be your host, for as long a period as you think proper to remain. I am called the Count Maximilian Zabrisky,—this is your hostess,—and these some acquaintances of birth and influence in the neighborhood. This general invitation being the most unceremonious, I trust you will lay by all needless etiquette, and at once feel as though you were among old acquaintance.

Ern. Sir Count, this cordial welcome is as cheering as it is courteous, and I accept your hospitality without restraint.

Kas. If you will entrust your valise with me, I shall take it under my especial charge. [*Busy with* HERMAN, *&c.*

Ern. With pleasure, Count,—and rejoice at this small break in my responsibility.

Kas. While I look after the disposition of younr Servants, and effects, I leave your entertainment in the hands of my wife. [*Exit.*

Ern. Myra. [*Starting.*

Myra. Eugene! here, and with an assumed name! What means this?

Ern. Rather let me ask you, Myra, how I find you the wife of another?

Myra. Oh! Yes,—I declare I quite forgot!

Ern. Such levity astounds me, Madam!

Myra. Go on, exhaust your jealous spleen! I have a great mind to make you suffer,—just to see if your boasted love for me is real, or assumed like your new name.

Ern. What mystery is this? Expound it, dear Myra, or you will drive me to distraction!

Myra. Confidence for confidence! Tell me why you have changed your name, and I will inform you in how far I have changed my condition. [*The guests are playing cards, &c.*

Marok. The trick is mine, I swear!

Her. Hush! discretion!

Marok. Confound it! Am I to be robbed?

Ern. Those guests of yours are not over courteous, my lady Countess!

Myra. Merely the roughness of an unpolished rusticity. Count Maximilian's comprehensive hospitality embraces every caste.

Ern. There is some jest afoot! Relieve my anxious mind, and solve this perplexing riddle! You cannot be this man's wife, Myra?

Myra. Not a word in explanation shall you have from me, until you satisfy me as to your motive in visiting this place in other than your own name.

Ern. My visit here is purely accidental, I assure you,—for the other, I have told you, ere this, of my unhappy sister, lured from her family, from ease and comfort, by the devices of a villain!

Myra. Your sister!—That resemblance which I have not observed before—if it should be!—Your sister's name is—

Ern. Isabel: I have traced her to this neighborhood. She is doubtless—

Myra. Nearer than you imagine! There *is* a mystery, Ernest, which will speedily be solved. For the present, be content to know that I am not Count Maximilian's wife. She,—ah, he is here! He wished me to pass as his wife, for this evening only—if there be any dangerous deceit, it can only be met *by* deceit! Let him imagine that you think so!—My husband will make the evening pass agreeably, be sure, sir! He is here!

Kas. [*Who has entered during latter part of above.*] All that my poor house affords is at his service,—would it were better, for his sake.

Marok [*Loudly.*] Ten thousand devils! What luck you have!

Kas. [*Turns to speak to him.*] Why, Marquis, is it possible that a little reverse at ecarte can thus ruffle your philosophic temperament?

Ern. [*To* Myra] You know something of my sister?—In mercy speak!

Myra. I do. I cannot tell you now. See you not that we are closely watched?

Her. [*Aside to* Kaspar.] That brutal Marok is getting fiercely drunk.

Kas. [*Aside.*] You must take him away.

Her. [*Aside.*] The fiend could not remove him from that card table; he has been losing heavily.

Kas. You mean *I* have been losing.

Her. Pshaw! he has ventured on his own account.

Kas. The mad fool, when it might all be his, without the risk.

Her. Do you mark how yon youngster follows us with his eye?—During your absence those two have spoken long and earnestly together. Can you depend on her?

Kas. On her ignorance only. If I thought she had a suspicion, were it ever so remote, I would quench it and life together. But see—they laugh—depend upon it, you are mistaken.

Ern. Capital! I trust, my lord, that I do not touch upon a jealous chord, by thus monopolizing the companionship of your most kind and hospitable lady?

Kas. She but anticipates my dearest wish, that you, and all around me, should receive the heartiest welcome of my house.

Marok. Ha! ha! not *all*, my lord Count; I could dispense with somewhat of thy hospitality.

Kas. [*Aside to him.*] Fool! why prate you thus? Ah! my lord Marquis is in a merry mood to-night.

Marok. Beshrew such merriment! It's over-dearly purchased.

Kas. [*Aside to him.*] Another word, and thou shalt be wolves' carrion! Dog! [*Aloud.*] Come, my lord, let not the game deprive our fair friends of your society. See, they languish for their favorite amusement, the heart-inspiring dance.

Marok. After this game, Sir Count,—give me a chance.

Kas. Desist, fool! [*Aside to him.*

Marok. Malediction! I have a great mind to warn yon springald. [*Aside.*

Ern. [*Aside to* MYRA.] Ha! do you hear?

Kas. [*To* SERVANTS.] See his lordship to his apartment; the wine-cup was too potent. [*Aside to him.*] If you would ever leave it again with life—be silent!

Marok. Silent, no! Malediction! my throat's my own. A passage that might let out many a dangerous secret.

Kas. [*Aside.*] Ah! say you so? [*Aloud.*] Good night, my lord. Now for the dance.

[MAROK *exits grumbling.—Music plays, and drowns his voice.*

Kas. [*To* ERNEST.] Will you not honor my lady with your hand?

Ern. Willingly, my lord, if she will endure a companion somewhat unused to such gay pastime. [KASPAR *whispers to* HERMAN, *and exits.*

Ern. [*As he leads* MYRA *to place.*] It will afford me an opportunity for discovering my sister. Has ought occurred inimical to her safety!

Myra. Nothing, that I am aware of.

Ern. Do you suspect danger to her?

Myra. None to her—but to you——

Ern. Love is apprehensive. Know you where Isabel is?

Myra. In this house!

Ern. A prisoner! [*A pistol shot heard.*

Her. [*Aside.*] There's an end to your bad luck, friend Marok.

Enter KASPAR.

Kas. Don't be alarmed, good folk, my gamekeeper has just brought down a dangerous night-hawk; it was scarcely worth the powder.—The dance—the dance! I am but indifferent in ceremonial.

[*Dance formed—Polka Quadrille.*

Ern. [*After set, aside to* MYRA.] Is there any means by which I can see her?

Myra. [*Aside.*] It will be difficult, so closely are we watched; but I will endeavor to bring you together.

Ern. One word more, is her—is he present?

Myra. You are pleased to compliment, sir. What if my husband were to hear these flattering speeches? [*Observing* KASPAR.

Kas. [*To* ERNEST.] I trust your time is passing agreeably, sir.

Ern. How could it be otherwise in such society, Sir Count?

Kas. 'Tis well; but have a care how you assault the ears of my young wife with city compliments, or I shall be monstrously jealous, believe me.

Ern. Her affection for you, my lord, most assuredly fortifies her heart into impregnability. [*Dance.*

Myra. [*Aside to* ERNEST.] Speak no more. There are sharp ears about us, and ever watchful eyes. The last window on the balcony opens into Isabel's apartment. Choose well your opportunity; I shall prepare her for your coming.

[*End of dance.* ERNEST *leads* MYRA *to seat, then advances.*

Ern. An undefined apprehension pervades me. There is a singular mystery about this place. If the Count should be the man I am in search of, I shall be assured at once; for be he so, his roof shall never shelter me a single hour. [*Aloud.*] Sir Count, a word with you; and, pardon me, if it should be an abrupt one.

Kas. You are my honored guest, and therefore it cannot be an offensive one. So speak it.

Ern. Are you acquainted with one Colonel Hartzburgh?

Kas. Hartzburgh! The name is certainly familiar to me, but I cannot immediately recall. Is he a friend of yours?

Ern. A friend!—I seek the black-hearted villain, to bestow on him the chastisement his damning injury to me and my house's honor, has so richly merited.

Kas. Indeed! Then it is the duty of all honorable men to aid you in the task. I will inquire if any know him here. Baron—gentlemen all—are any of you aware of the whereabout of an individual named Colonel Hartzburgh? [MYRA *exits cautiously.*

Baron. I know no such person, most decidedly.

Her. I have heard of the person—a most atrocious character. Indeed, some say, it is one of the many aliases of the notorious Red Mask, Kaspar, the terror of Lithuania.

Kas. Ah! then that disposes of the question at once, as to any one here having personal acquaintance with the scoundrel.

Ern. My suspicions must be groundless. Count Maximilian, receive my apology.

Kas. For what, my dear sir! Consider me your friend in this affair, and to-morrow, if the province hold him, depend upon it, we shall ferret the rascal out.

Ern. I thank you for your friendly offer; but the immediate business I am engaged upon, will admit of no delay. I shall accept gratefully your hospitality for the night; in the morning I must continue my journey; its end accomplished, I shall return and seek your aid in dis-

covering the villain Hartzburgh, Thank heaven, I have obtained a clue which must bring us face to face.

Kas. I rejoice to hear it—may you be successful. In the mean time, whenever you wish to retire—Karlo, here—one of my most confidential servants will show you your apartment.

Ern. To say the truth, my lord, the travel has somewhat fatigued me, and early rest would be most welcome.

Kas. Our country custom favors your inclining, my dear sir; we devote the hours of night to their proper uses here. Are you going home, Baron?

Baron. Decidedly.

Kas. We have ample accommodation for you all; will you not remain?

Baron. Distinctly not. The Baroness is imperative.

Kas. A fair good night, then, since you will it so. My lord, you remain of course?

Her. With pleasure, Count.

Kas. And you, gentlemen, will not desert your host so? Karlo, show our dear friend to the crimson room. Good night!

Ern. Until to-morrow, fare ye well, gentlemen!

Kas. We'll but drain a parting cup, and follow thy example. To-morrow!—Ha! ha! ha! shallow-brained idiot, I have you in the toil!—A bumper, lads, to the Red Mask! And now a song, 'twill lull suspicion, should any exist.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Shall we drink to *Love* a measure?
Flame that poets call divine—
Saying, every earthly treasure
In its rosy wreath combine.
No, fill high the foaming beaker,
For all other joys beside,
Quickly pall upon the seeker,
Pledge we then thy rosy tide.
Mighty wine,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Shall we drink to *Wealth* or *Glory*?
Meteor lights that lead astray,
Living care, or Life in Story,
Wisdom mocks their juggling ray.
No, fill high the foaming beaker,
For all other joys beside,
Quickly pall upon the seeker,
Pledge we then thy rosy tide.
Mighty wine,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ISABEL'S *Chamber—Balcony Practicable.—Moonlight through tops of Trees.*—ISABEL *discovered.*

Isabel. The noise of revelry is hushed! A strange oppressive quiet dwells throughout the house,—a death-like stillness,—not a sound, a breath, or footfall, which would indicate the presence of a living thing! I would that Myra were here,—my joyous-hearted friend!—It is terrible—this sense of loneliness! What a fate is mine! It is only in such moments, that I dare question my heart, and in secret acknowledge the soul-depth of my misery. [KASPAR *comes through sliding panel, and listens.*] My mother!—my dear, unfortunate mother,—and thou, the part-sharer of my abundant love, my brother, if ye could know, that a waning sense of duty, and most obstinate pride, bind me to a husband, who has so fearfully deceived us all,—how in my inmost heart of hearts, I yearn for your forgiveness,—to behold you once more!—Ah! how many years of bitter, tearful penitence must I endure,—to atone for that one fatal step! [*Weeps.*]

Kas. [*Aside.*] By my faith, the proverb about listeners is not likely to go into disrepute! There is no necessity to have heard it, however! [*Slips out of door, and knocks.*

Isabel. 'Tis he!—my husband! Now for the hated mask of dissimulation!

Enter KASPAR.

Kas. Forgive me, darling one, for letting you remain so long lonely here, but I shall make amends for all 'ere long, by dedicating to you the whole of my after life! Not an instant, love, shall you find me away from thy side.

Isabel. Our past experience, Maximilian, is but sorry presage of future comfort.

Kas. Pshaw! You mean my running away with you? Who would not, with such a prize as the recompense? Have you seen your friend Myra, this evening?

Isabel. No. I presume she has retired for the night.

Kas. Fatigued with doing the honors in your place,—[*He plays with her ringlets during speech,*]—which, I assure you she did with great tact, delicacy, and ease,—but don't be jealous, Bell,—you know that angelic perfection could not eradicate thy image here! Let me entreat you, however, not to grieve at what I am about to communicate. The harassing business I have been of late attending to, demands again my immediate presence.—indeed, so urgently, that I must ride all night, to meet a most rigid appointment to-morrow. But all such hindrances to our happiness will shortly be at an end. What! Will you not wish a prosperous issue to my undertaking, Bell? How coldly unkind you are!

Isabel. I certainly do, Maximilian, my husband, wish a successful termination to the business, whatsoever it be, which demands your attention.

Kas. Spoken like a loving, kind, and dutiful wife, and believe me, when you learn the particulars, you'll acknowledge it was worth a hearty prayer or two to wish for its accomplishment. Adieu, love!—Haply, a day or two may suffice.—Ha!—there's a storm approaching—let me fasten your window, the household is early a-bed to-night. [*He locks the door stealthily.*] She knows not of the secret door, [*Aside.*] For a few days, my darling Bell, adieu! Her *pride* only binds her to me!—*Indeed!*—It's a tight cord,—but may be snapped! [*Aside.*] —Adieu! [*Exit.*

Isabel. There is a tumult of excitement beneath that calm exterior, and for the *first* time. I *fear* him!—I know not why!—'tis as the breaking dawn before the light,—a consciousness, rather than a certainty! My mother! pray for me!—and for him! [*A knock.*] Who can this be? How is it,—when the slightest sound terrifies me? [*Knock repeated.*]

Myra. [*Outside.*] Hist, Isabel! 'Tis I.

Isabel. Myra! Ah! that welcome voice! Heavens! the door is locked.—is not the key outside?

Myra. [*Outside.*] No!—Hush!—be calm! I'll go round to the balcony.

Isabel. There certainly is something fearfully mysterious in all this! Ah!—the other door's locked! What can it mean? My blood creeps slowly through my frame,—a cold, icy feeling gathers round my heart! Courage! Whatever crisis is at hand, I must nerve myself to bear it! [*Opens window-shutter.—a groan is heard.*] Heaven support me! What sound of agony was that? Why does she linger?

Enter MYRA, *from window.*

Oh, Myra! my friend!—my sister! Did you not hear a groan, as of a mortal in the death-pang?

Myra. When?

Isabel. But this instant.

Myra. No.—the stillness of death envelopes the place.

Isabel. Of *death*, I fear! There is something terrible enacting,—or at hand! Your face assures me that you know of it, or else suspect!

Myra. Suspect, Isabel? Yes! Have you strength of mind sufficient to hear what my suspicions are?

Isabel. It will not be stronger, Myra,—I am fully prepared. The greatest horror would be mercy, to the anguish of undefined apprehension.

Myra First, let me ask one question. Are your brother and your husband on friendly terms?

Isabel. Alas no! My husband hates him, with an unextinguishable hate.

Myra. Courage, love, and nerve your heart. Mine is as nearly interested as your own; your brother rests beneath this roof.

Isabel. Heavens!

Myra. He it was, your husband spoke of as a profligate, a reckless *roué*, doubtless to prevent your meeting. Some wrong is meditated, and there is but little time for concert. I know where they have placed

him—all merciful heaven will give me strength and thought to watch over and protect him. Hark! I heard a cautious footstep. Listen! Love and desperation have quickened my senses. Listen!

[*Another groan.*

Isabel. Ah! they murder him!

Myra. Hush!—it is not Ernest's voice. Some one approaches, with slow, painful step.

Isabel. The doors are locked! they cannot enter.

Myra. Ernest will certainly be here before he retires for the night—at the balcony—he told me he would.

[*A muttering sound and several blows heard at secret door: they start in amazement. Secret door suddenly flies open, and* MAROK, *pale and dying, falls into room.*

Myra. Why have you come here? Ah! he's wounded and dying. In mercy, speak! Is he safe?

Marok. [*Nods*] Water. Ha! ha! he didn't kill me, as he thought; I *will* live long enough to destroy him!

Isabel. Of whom do you speak?

Marok. Of your husband, the murderer, Kaspar! Ah! my sight is failing, and my breath—this key, Ganymede—[*Points.*] he'll speak the truth. Quick! Ah! this death has a choking grasp!—pray for me!—I dare not; and when I was a boy, I *could* pray. I see once more the cottage bed I knelt beside—again my mother's arms are round me—my mother's lips are pressed to mine. Mercy!—mercy!

[*Dies.*

Isabel. He's dead! This is horrible!!

Myra. No vain regrets—there are lives to save! The boy—he may assist us. [*Takes lamp.*

Isabel. I dare not stay with ——

Myra. We'll go together. Courage, my friend, and pray for coolness and determination.

[*They listen a moment, then pass through secret door. The door closes. Stage dark. Change.*

SCENE II.—(*Front.*) *A narrow stone Vault, or Passage.*

Enter MYRA, (*with lamp,*) *followed by* ISABEL.

Isabel. He's not here. Oh, dear Myra, let us retrace our steps, I almost sink from dread in these fearful vaults.

Myra. Have a heart, Isabel! the poor youth may have become insensible; at all events we must not return without a thorough search.

Isabel. And in the meantime I fear to breathe it, Ernest.

Myra. See! the faint gleaming of a light; it advances—should it be——

[*They conceal the lamp, while, through a narrow stairway, at the side, a light gradually falls on the dark stage.* ISABEL *and* MYRA *crouch in a corner.* GANYMEDE *enters, almost exhausted with terror—he leans for support on the wing.*

Gany. What fearful preparation have I witnessed. There is some appalling crime at hand, and yet I have not the power to prevent it.

What would avail my puny voice, here, in these remote caves. Oh, my dear mistress! could my wrongs but reach your ears.

Isabel. [*Advancing.*] They do, my faithful, innocent boy.

[GANYMEDE *screams, and falls at her feet.*

Gany. My beloved mistress! this is a sun-burst of joy; but why are you here—has he, that dreaded man, condemned you to my fate? Oh, horrible!—to die from starvation! Such, Marok told me, was my doom!

Myra. No, breathe freely, Ganymede, you are rescued, and by the mistress you so faithfully love. Nerve yourself, there is much yet to be accomplished—a dear, dear life to all of us, is minutely threatened.

Gany. Ah! the young officer—it is for his destruction that those dreadful preparations are intended.

Isabel. What preparations?

Myra. Have you witnessed—speak!—is there time to prevent——

Gany. Alas! I know not, but you shall hear. Some short time since, while wandering about this dismal vault, in the almost desperate hope of discovering some means of exit, I thought I heard distant whisperings at this extremity; I followed, with my ear against the wall, until I discovered a kind of murmuring reverberation here. While thus engaged, the masonry, by my accidentally touching the spring, revolved, (as you see,) and revealed that stone stairway. Resolving to see where it led, I ascended: after toiling up many flights, I found my progress barred, by, what appeared to be, a canvass screen. A light glared through a small aperture, evidently meant for secret espionage. Hiding my lamp, I approached, and on looking through, found that I was within the frame-work of the painting, immediately over the fire-place, in the spare bedchamber; coupling what I had inadvertently heard to-day, with the rumored atrocities of the Red Mask, the pulsation of my very heart ceased from terror. At last, I gained courage, and looked into the room—there I saw many of the guests, headed by——

Isabel. My husband?

Gany. Yes!—They conversed in smothered whispers; on *his* part, a fiendish revenge seemed to animate him wholly! The others spoke of plunder,—some sure, but secret way of taking life, was arranged. *What*, I could not ascertain! Suddenly, he exclaimed "All is prepared,—now to usher our new guest to his comfortable quarters,"—and quitted the apartment. The others delayed but a few moments longer. At that instant, a thought struck me, that I might drop into the room, conceal myself somewhere, and so be enabled to warn the devoted victim! To my great joy, I found that the picture turned by means of hinges at the side. I had partly opened it, when a bright light, and joyous voices, convinced me I had not the time. My master, and his guest then entered,—not a suspicion seemed to cross the latter's mind,—while the other exerted himself to the utmost to entertain him!

Isabel. He is lost

Myra. Not yet! Are they both there still?

Gany. Both. A lingering hope that I might yet find a pathway un-

explored, forced me to descend again. The hope is now a certainty, but how to take advantage of it, I know not!

Myra. What painting is it, that which you speak of?

Isabel. I know it! It is called, "The Sisters," a sad memorial of two unfortunates, who met their fates somewhere within the precincts of this dreadful abode!

Myra. Thank heaven, for that thought! Come, Isabel! We must dare all extremities of fortune in the endeavor to defeat the intended villainy! Ganymede, you must to the village—if you know whom to trust. These steps lead to your mistress's apartment,—through the window, from the balcony you may reach the ground! Away, with desperate speed! The delay of an instant may be fatal!

Gany. Depend on me! Heaven guard ye both! [*Exit.*

Myra. Come, Isabel, cheer thee! A mighty hope clothes my very heart, as with an atmosphere of joy! No faltering now, no reserve! Time and Life, are in the scale together!

[*They ascend the stair-way. Change.*

SCENE III.—*Red chamber. In centre, a fire-place. A painting over it of two Females, one sitting, the other leaning over. Two windows fastened up. Antique bed in corner.* ERNEST *and* KASPAR *discovered at table. Drinking materials, &c.*

Kas. Tut, man! I'd have you quench all sober thoughts, in this delicious lethe of the soul! I have assured you of my present sympathy, and of my intended aid, to search for those you love, and hate. Drink, I pray! You see I am no churlish host,—this Burgundy is of the choicest vintage.

Ern I thank you heartily, my Lord,—but my present mood is of such a sort, it shames thy courtesy! 'Twould seem as though each draught but deepened my gloom, instead of dispersing it!

Kas. Simply because thou has not drained enough to reach thy frosted spirits! Come, another cup! Here's to her, whose name lies nearest to thy thought, whoe'er she be! [*Picture turns.*] Ha! I see that has aroused you! let me but know her name, that I may honor it with particular regard!

Ern. [*Catches glimpse of Myra.*] Myra! [*Myra motions silence.*

Kas. [*aside.*] I thought as much! Faith, I was in some danger, it would seem! Myra! Singular! The same name as my wife's, and not a common one in your gay land! A special pledge! [ERNEST *is standing amazed.*] Well, be it so,—a bumper to the lovely Myra! Why do you stand transfixed?

Ern. Pardon me! Her name's a spell. It calls her beloved form up to my eyes, as plainly as though in perfect truth she lived before me!

Kas. An optical delusion, my dear friend, extremely prevalent before marriage. We'll drink now to thy speedy cure!

Ern. Urge me not, I pray you! I have already passed the boundary of discretion,—my brain 's confused! [*aside.*] 'Tis she! Heaven! it *is* my sister! Permit me to walk a little. [*aloud.*]

Kas. Certainly. You are at home,—no ceremony, I entreat!

Ern. [*aside.*] He here! alone with me, my greatest only enemy on earth, and yet they motion me to quiet! The suppressed rage is clamoring in my very throat! I am defenceless, and he, no doubt, surrounded by his myrmidons! 'Tis for Life and Love, I must dissemble! Could I be alone with them,—were it but for an instant!

[*Walking about.*

Kas. [*Is humming an opera air.*] If this be city breeding, by my troth, we'd call it something churlish even amongst us country boors. Forgive me—I know that you have cause for seriousness—but, hang it, brush the cobweb from your heart. at least while underneath this roof, to gratify your host.

Ern. I'll drink no more to-night! You force to be thus explicit, and furthermore, with due respect, and much thankfulness for the *truth* and *earnestness* of your hospitality, I would crave to be alone.

Kas. Humph! somewhat frigid, sir, in tone, but I, thy entertainer, must show no lack of courtesy, even should temper strain! You shall have your wish! [*He sees* ERNEST *make a motion towards picture, through mirror.*] Ha! Is it so! [*Aside.*] I shall but ring for an especial attendant, to await your summons, should you need aught during the night. The morning I hope will bring you cheering hopes, and gayer spirits. [*Rings bell—enter* SERVANT.] Tell Marcus to attend me here, and hark ye! [*Whispers.*] Offend me thus no more! Away! [*Exit* SERVANT.] Marcus will anticipate your every wish, he is my most valued and trustworthy servant.

Ern. I need no attendance! It would be a thousand times more welcome to be left to my own reflections.

Kas. Indeed! This is passing strange!—I am almost inclined to feel a little angry. You repel with so much pertinacity my kindest intentions, one would really suppose you had a stringent reason for dispensing with my society,—if so, I pray you name it. I would not bestow upon you my enforced companionship for worlds! I see you *are* impatient—you cannot conceal it. I will but resign you into the faithful hands of Marcus—I wonder why the rascal lingers thus—and then take my leave. Hark! I hear him coming! One more cup before we part, sir guest—you'd rather not? Ah, well,—I'll fill to my own pledge! 'Tis one, the compassing of which, were worth the wasting of a human life, nay more, the peril of an immortal soul.—'tis [*A shriek from* MYRA—*two of* KASPAR'S *brigands stand beside them—at the same instant,* ERNEST *is seized, and held by two others.*] Revenge! Eugene de Lorme, your hours are numbered! Oh! I have panted for this moment, even as they say, the damned yearn for water in extremest hell! I have pictured this scene a thousand times in my imagination, while my exultant heart bounded like a living thing, even at the transitory thought! The *reality* is now before my eyes, and I would fain prolong it for an age. And you, fair dames would plot against me! They have learnt some of the secrets of the place, Herman—they must be taught a few more! One at a time, though! Descend!

[HERMAN, *with* MYRA, ISABEL, *and another, step on the broad old-fashioned mantel shelf, which gradually sinks until on a level with stage.*

Isabel. Mercy !

Myra. Seek it not from him. As well beseech the famishing wolf to spare his prey !

Kas. It is the privilege of your sex to scold. Men heed you not.

Eugene. Oh, villain ! cowardly, double-dyed villain ! !

Kas. An apt scholar, in railing. That womanly accomplishment becomes you well, young sir ! but I really would not counsel you to pass the few remaining moments of your life in unprofitable ebullitions of temper. I care not that you should die unprepared. You see how mindful I am of your future happiness. What an unspeakable advantage I give you over myself.

Eugene. Atrocious, heartless villain ! I fear not death ! At once I dare you to put me to the proof.

Kas. It needs not much philosophy to die with decent show of bravery before those witnesses. Why, such a death would be a triumph, not an agony ; but alone, within these inexorable walls, at once your prison and your tomb, slowly and surely to waste life away piecemeal, without one pitying glance or sympathising tear—without a living soul to listen to your lying boast, methinks you'll have but small encouragement to play the Stoic ! I'll show some mercy, however ; your parting sorrow shall be brief. Marcus, attend your honored guest to his last resting-place. It will scarcely embitter your pleasant destiny to know that you receive your doom from him, whom, though unknown, you formerly denounced, and rendered desperate by every indignity—the despised Hartzburgh—from *him*, upon whose rock of infamy the honor of your family is broken like a wave—from Kaspar, the relentless — the Red Mask ! Away with him ! [ISABEL *screams and faints.*

Eugene. A desperate phrenzy mounts up to my brain. Off, villains ! my life is not so easily purchased as you suppose.

[*Snatches knife from one of the people—fierce attack—is thrown down, and disarmed.*

Kas. Ha ! ha ! such intemperate warmth is inexcusable. What has become of your vaunted philosophy ? Fled already ! Alas ! poor human nature ! But this delay taxes my patience too severely. Will you retire with decorum, or must I strain my hospitality to the enforcement ? It would really pain me to do so before such witnesses.

Isabel. Merciful Heaven ! is there no hope ?

Myra. From that mocking demon—none !

Kas. None ! like a delicious banquet I but dally with my vengeance. There is no power in heaven, or on earth, to snatch it from me now ! [*A crash—the windows are forced in*—GANYMEDE *and* SOLDIERS *fill the stage.*] Betrayed ! ! you shall not live to triumph !

[*Fires pistol at* EUGENE, *who has joined* MYRA—GANYMEDE *throws up his arm*—KASPAR *escapes through secret panel.*

Gany. Follow me ! I know every winding !

[*Some follow* GANYMEDE, EUGENE, &c.—*Business and change to*

SCENE IV.—*Front Vault, (as before,) dark.*

Enter KASPAR, *hurriedly.*

Kas. Curses on my folly! Is this to be the end of all? No—let me but gain the balcony. Ha! they follow! [*Exit.*

Enter GANYMEDE, EUGENE, SOLDIERS, &c.

Eugene. Leave not a nook unsearched. A thousand crowns to him who secures the miscreant!

Gany. He would not linger here to hide. Follow me, quickly, this way—up those stone steps.

Eugene. Ha! we are on his track! I hear his thick panting breath! On, lads, on! [*Exeunt.—Change.*

SCENE LAST.—*Same as Scene First. The Cataract flowing through broken Rocks—practicable Pathway up and over.*

KASPAR (*as Innkeeper*) *discovered on bench of Inn, smoking.—Three or four Peasants around him laughing.*

Kas. There, the story's finished, we'll have wherewithal to wash it down. Dry work, this talking. [*Noise.*] Hey day! what tumult is this?

Enter EUGENE, BARON, SOLDIERS, &c.

Eugene. My good friends, have you seen a fugitive pass hurriedly by this road?

Kas. By St. Lawrence! we marked not who passed. How was he called?

Eugene. A fearful discovery has been made! He, whom we seek, is no other than Kaspar, the murderer.

Kas. The Red Mask! St. Dominick protect us! I'll have none of this; we poor people are unprotected from his vengeance. Go thy ways, we meddle not in the affair. [*Exit into Inn.*

Enter GANYMEDE.

Peasant. I saw, just now, a richly dressed individual, who seemed to me to be about to throw himself into the torrent yonder; but I suppose he thought better of it.

Gany. Green dress, trimmed with fur and gold?

Peasant. As near as I could judge, it was so.

Gany. By the bridge?—he must have passed over. He cannot be far distant. On! [*Goes up.*

Eugene. Remember the reward for his apprehension!

Kas. How much is it, signior?

Eugene. A thousand crowns! Will you not try and earn it?

Kas. Bless you, it wouldn't do me any good. If I see him, I'll tell him at what a price you rate him. Ha! ha! [*All* PEASANTS *laugh.*] He'll feel complimented, no doubt.

[*The men disperse themselves over rocks, &c.*

Eugene. Behold! he has thrown himself into the flood.

Gany. Or would have us believe so!

[KASPAR'S *coat is brought forward by a Soldier.*

It is his coat assuredly, but uninjured.

Kas. What extravagance, to fling away so much finery!

Gany. Ha! that dress! It is the same I saw in the forest. He is there—secure him!

Kas. Fool! What do you mean?

[*Flings off Soldiers, and rushes into Inn—Soldiers, &c., after him.* MYRA, ISABEL, *&c., enter from top.*

Eugene. Confusion! He is no where to be found. The villain wears a charmed life. Ha! they've discovered him!

[*A struggle is seen through window, with peasant, dressed exactly like* KASPAR. *One is eventually dragged out, and they discover their mistake. During which,* KASPAR, *in his shirt sleeves, and without the light wig of the Innkeeper, slowly makes his way across rude bridge of tree, over the torrent. He nearly reaches the opposite side, when* EUGENE *sees him, and snatching gun from a Soldier, fires at him.* KASPAR *starts from his crouching position, wounded, and falls, catching at branch of tree, which hangs over the Cataract. It gradually breaks off, and* KASPAR *falls. A Double is seen tumbling down the Cataract, an intervening plank receiving* KASPAR.

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